when kindness extends as far as surrender
and human-ness becomes abandoned hope
I might believe it asked by normal order
for neither do I understand the name, "no"

Nor can I find malice that chases nite
the darkness is still blacker forgotten
poisoning the chalice in the diner's sight
not one of us, alone, drinks its content

... a shared wish is sometimes common memory
for each and every to take, no one's to have
actions, expressed, sometimes lose their glory
and their owner, and slowly become drab

shivering in the daytime, in the sun
    the bleakness colder than a northern wind
    the grey, unrevealing land is flat
    so that I can run from any visitor who crosses an horizon

shivering alone, from aloneness
    though cloaked in sweltering winter clothes
    wool, and down, and tears